

EAST SIDE

The People of East Los Angeles Want Their Rights.

They Hold a Red-Hot Meeting and Lay Out Work for the Council.

They Want Good Streets, a-Plenty of Gas and Many Things.

They Will Shake Up the Dry Bones of the Council Tomorrow—Have Come to the Conclusion That They Will Not Be Slighted.

About 100 of the leading citizens and property-owners of East Los Angeles met the new Johnson building, at the corner

of Downeynd Griffin avenues, last night at 8 o'clock, to consider various matters affecting their interests. Mr. Embold called the meeting to order, when Dr. Griffin was elected chairman and G. C. Keyes secretary. Dr. Griffin, on taking the chair, made a few remarks and called on Mr. Earl to state the object of the meeting.

Mr. Earl said that one object of the meeting was to remonstrate against the use of cement pipe for piping zanja 9E, instead of iron pipe, as was originally intended, and which the people believed they were to have.

Mr. Lambie was then called for. He said

that he was in the Council when the bond question came up, and that \$250,000 was appropriated for 9 years. The reason for making this appropriation for iron pipe was that it would give a pressure of 60 pounds, which was all that was necessary for a domestic water service. The money was used in buying contracts, and using the pipe for sewers and storm water, and insisting upon the use of iron pipe for the water supply.

Mr. Embury asked if the money raised was laying in the hands of the City Treasurer, and was answered that the money had been raised and used in other directions.

Mr. Laubach proposed a resolution that the money be given to the city engineer to improve the water system if iron pipe was used.

Mr. Embury said that there was no time to wait and that the committee should be appointed immediately, when Mr. Karr withdrew his motion until Mr. Embury's motion for a petition was put.

Mr. Green advised the petitioning for repairs of Downey-avenue bridge, the lighting of streets, etc. Carried.

A recess was then taken to allow the committee time to draw up the petition and report.

When the meeting was again called to order the following petition to the Comptroller was read and signed by those present:

To the Honorable Board of Supervisors of the County of Los Angeles, Cal.: GENTLEMEN:—

In consideration of the facts that the water supplied to the residents of East Los Angeles by the "City Water Company" is a filthy, impure, and unwholesome supply for human use, and that because of the many grave

and weed seeds of dangerous and undesirable sorts contained therein, it is unfit for the irrigation of crops. The Government has not only supplied and exorbitantly high price we hereby respectfully request your honorable body to afford us such relief as may be given in making the East Side Ditch, from the irrigation of crops, but to supply the East Side of river. The only way that this can be done is by laying an iron pipe in the canja 9 E, where it is now contemplated to place a dam. We hereby respectfully request you about here in providing canals for storm-water drainage or for sewer and in this way nothing will be lost to the city. This cement pipe is in conflict with the purpose of the bond issue of \$245,000 for the distribution of the bond issue of \$245,000.

The following petition in regard to a new horsehouse was also presented to the meeting and received many signatures:

To the Honorable Mayor and Council of the City of Los Angeles—Gentlemen:

We, the undersigned, citizens of the City of Los Angeles, respectfully petition your honorable body to change the location of the East Los Angeles horse engine from the corner of 46th and Trueman Streets to the intersection of 46th and Trueman Streets, near the intersection of 46th and Trueman Streets, so that the engine will be too far removed from the business and residence center, and on too low ground, whereas the intersection of Trueman Street and 46th Street is the center of the business center and convenient to all.

After being signed by all present, the letters were placed in the hands of K. Carr, secretary. Carr then stated that he was bringing the matter before the Council at meeting tomorrow morning.

Dr. Griffin again brought up the question of payment for the work when Mr. K. Carr said that a committee be appointed by the Council to report at the next meeting to be held Saturday night next at the same time and place, and that the committee be composed of Messrs. Carr, Embury, V. V. Lambie and Griffin were appointed to bring the street car service and ask for its enforcement. Messrs. Carr, Embury, V. V. Lambie and Griffin were appointed as such committee, after which the meeting

Mr. Green.
E. K. Green, one of the jurors in the Rozele case, who voted for acquittal, writing a long letter to Judge Tramm, explaining his position in the matter, and telling the jurors who were for conviction. Green also intimates that there were six bottles in the jury-room, and magnanimously forgives his brother jurors, who says, have lied about him. He says he went into the jury room terrified and alone, and that by the evidence which he claims have done. He is sorry for the others, as he says, "doubtless did the best they could with the light they had to guide them."

A very lengthy letter has been received by THE TIMES from Dr. J. S. Elliott, Santa Monica, containing a conversation had with N. O. Baxter, treasurer of Augustine's Church, at that place, on November 5th, and "asking space for publication in your valuable paper." The reservation is interesting, and its appearance is no doubt anticipated, but the great length of the Dr.

Good News.
Yesterday afternoon W. W. Crouse, contracting agent for the Santa Fe system, has been out on the line looking for freight returned to Los Angeles. Reports that all delayed freight will be in a few days.

MISTRESS AND MAID.

STUMBLING-BLOCKS IN THE WAY OF WORKING WOMEN.

Gail Hamilton's Views on the Subject—A Spirited Defense of the Mistress—Advice for Missionaries When Procuring Country Situations for Poor City Women.

Furnished This Times by the New York Herald.

I have diligently inquired—rising up early to inquire—what it is that forbids women to help women in the field where help is most needed.

Some of the answers are amazing. A clergyman who ministers to the poor in the suburbs of a great city says that a common reason why girls refuse to enter upon household service is that it degrades them in the eyes of their rank. Men of their own class will not marry them. They are called "scrubs" and they lose caste. And as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, at least so long as the present dynasty of humanity lasts, women live and love to please men.

This is indeed hard to understand. Simply for his own comfort one would suppose that even a very stupid man would be glad of the chance to have the heavy bread and sordid meat of an unexperienced maiden lived into some other family than his own. There would then be hope that these death-dealing experiments would bring him in due time a toothsome and cheerful table. There is nothing in human history, however, to show that men are not capable of just as great folly as women, and, therefore, they may be capable of this. It remains then for the apostles of humanity to convert these men from the error of their thoughts, and, if they cannot, to convert women from the error of supposing that there is no one else for them to marry except these foolish men.

Lack of consideration on the part of employers seems to be a huge bugbear in the way of women workers. Mrs. Helen Campbell gives us some harrowing illustrations of the selfishness and heartlessness of households. I can not refute the argument. I have never made any investigation. But I may speak of what I know. I have haunted families of all sizes and conditions, from the quiet house which kept only one maid of all work to the "establishment" which was conducted by twenty, and I never saw one, not one, where the woman of the house was not womanly. I never saw one in which the mistress did not care for her servants as human beings and did not plan for their pleasure, their comfort, their welfare and generally for their savings banks. The mistress takes more apparent thought for the general

WELFARE OF THE SERVANT than the servant takes for that of the mistress. This is as it should be, because in most cases the mistress is not only in the superior position, but is the superior person, and, therefore, naturally has a wider range of vision and of duty.

When these charges against the house-mother descend from generals to particulars, their unreasonableness is more palpable. One girl writes, as a proof of the unreasonableness of the situation, that she helps the husband and son to their hats and overcoats, and they pay no more heed to her than if she were a stick or a stone. When Dr. Hall's parishioners are invited, send that girl into the country to a position, they ought to give her a sound preliminary lecture and then keep her at home under their own eyes. She is not the kind the country needs, with her though, perhaps, as pure health with a great deal of vigorous moral exhortation at the city end of the line, then they will take her. There are, indeed, a few men whose bearing to the maids is as if they were duchesses, with the result of an enthusiasm on the part of the maids as innocent as it is convenient. But this is a condition that cannot be compassed, and should not be prescribed; and if young women are not to be content with the masculine respect that is conveyed by non-consciousness, the only safe path is one that leads the other way.

Another complaint that she has no place to receive her friends except the kitchen. Let the New York Missionary Society explain carefully to the women whom they are sending out into the country that in many cases cannot be helped. Country houses sympathize deeply with the poor in their wish for a parlor, but have none to offer. We desire not to deceive them. Let them understand perfectly beforehand that it is not so nominated in the bond. But the church committee will do good work. *Christie's ecclesiastical* will assemble their beneficiaries in the church parlor and preach to them such a gospel of cleanliness and order and fidelity that the latter will perceive that, while they are "at work" in the kitchen, they ought not to receive company, and when they are at leisure to receive company, their kitchen should be so tidy that it shall be a perfectly proper place to receive company. If Mr. Paxton or Dr. Parkhurst's church will ransack the chambers of their own memory they will recall many a kitchen of their youthful experience in which their own fathers received the neighbors, with the utmost cordiality, dignity and satisfaction. Unless the women of New York can conform to this state of things, the country cannot draw them out from under Brooklyn bridge, and down from their fourteenth-story roomkeys. It is more to the purpose that housemaids are

NOT FURNISHED WITH A ROOM or a bed to themselves, but are obliged to share it with a comrade. This is a real deprivation, which should in all possible cases be avoided, yet it is hardly a grievance, because in many cases it cannot be avoided. The only thing is to let every woman know beforehand, so that she may be prepared, and if she find the difficulty insurmountable she must not encounter it. Very many country houses have but one room for the occupation of a maid. Very few would be able to afford the expense of building on an extra room even for the sake of accommodating the overlord of New York. Many would afford the extra cost of two servants instead of one, if the two would occupy the same room and come at a

lower rate of wages than is paid to the one, which, of course, would mean less work and more leisure to that one.

Yet I have just seen a man and his wife come into the country—the man to do the outdoor work, to care for one horse, two cows, a few hens and ducks; the woman to do the indoor work for a family of five persons. To them were allotted a bedroom and a sitting-room—small, but well warmed, comfortable, their own, on the second floor. The wages of the two were \$38. They stayed just two weeks, and then, on the merest pretense of ill-treatment, they went voluntarily back to the grind of their poverty. They went back because they liked the grind and dirt and desolation better than the care and cleanliness and vigilance which are necessary to civilization, and which would make them valuable to civilization.

What New York missionaries should do is to convert her children to the gospel of fresh air and clean living.

Whatever the obstacles, however, they are to be overcome. The problem is to be solved, not swamped. If mistresses are selfish and grasping, it is the business of the church to make them unselfish and generous. If servants are stupid and faithless, it is the business of the church to enlighten and stimulate them to fidelity. Nothing would help this more than the knowledge on the part of both mistress and maid that they are not working alone, in the dark, helpless, but are sheltered under a system, are helped by organization. My living sympathies, I admit, are largely on the side of the mistress, because I have seen a great deal more suffering of the mistress at the hands of her maid than suffering of the maid at the hands of her mistress. But I am willing to admit that the latter may also exist in large proportions. I am willing to admit that though American women seem to be kind-hearted, sympathetic and humane, they may really be sticks and stones, not to say fiends.

Even then, with a committee composed, let us say of Rev. Heber Newton's deacons and deaconesses at the New York end of the line, and Rev. Temple Outler's at the Essex county, Massachusetts, end, we might have a sort of Court of Arbitration which should sort out the ferocity of the female American, and make it possible for two women dying of overwork 100 miles apart to help bear each other's burdens in the same house, to their mutual profit and salvation.

These are one thing that cannot be done, and that is to let things go on as they are. It is not only wicked, but it is dangerous. Society has accomplished but a small part of its work of self-defense when it has executed justice on Anarchistic murderers. An earlier and a higher work is done by converting the material out of which

ANARCHY MAKES MURDERERS into children of law and light. It is the duty and the duty of civilized society that these suffering poor should be relieved, and it is indigestible to their relief that they should be taught. The danger that threatens us today is ignorance—ignorance in the rich and ignorance in the poor. Rich men are keen and intelligent, and even intellectual in great matters. They know how to make wide combinations, how to utilize men, how to wield material forces, how to make money. And side by side or close behind the equally great matters to which they are totally blind.

We find ourselves in a world where a certain inexpressible minute conformation in the throat and a certain inexpressible minute conformation in the ear may be so cultivated as to confer a subtle delight to the soul. The millionaire can furnish the cultivation, but the cultivatable quality is the result of a law beyond his comprehension. He is not to mention his control. This is so well understood that it is never argued. No man is so rich as to think he can make his daughter a Patti unless she is born so. He knows he cannot reverse the law of Patti. But more can he reverse the law of righteousness or the law of love. No more can he reverse the law that the law of righteousness is the law of love, and that the law of love is ultimately the law of self-preservation.

GAIL HAMILTON.

Making a Rival Beauty Look Ghastly.

(Buffalo Courier.)

A gentleman who was invited out to dine at a Delaware avenue residence lately observed that the chandelier over the dining-room table was of a peculiar construction, so that there was a light over the head of each guest. The globes were of various colors, some red, some blue and some green. "What is the object of having the globes of different colors?" the guest asked of his hostess. "Why, you see," said she, "when one gives a dinner or tea one must invite some people whom one perfectly hates. Now, last Tuesday I gave a supper, and I had to invite two women whom I despise. But I had to invite them or some of the young men I wanted wouldn't come. And my revenge on my fair enemies, however, I placed each of these two women under one of those pale-blue lights at table. They're usually considered beautiful women, but under that light they had the most ghastly look you ever saw. They were perfect scarecrows. They seemed to have aged twenty years the minute that they sat down. The men noticed it, of course, but they did not divine what caused it. They were taken quite aback and awfully glum at first. But finally one of them turned with a sigh and began talking to a real lovely lovely little thing that was sitting under a ruby colored light. Why, she was perfectly lovely under it, you see when want people to look perfectly hideous I put them under the blue lights. It kills everything."

Arabesque.

Eyes—whose every glance is such I feel it, like a velvet touch:

Eyes that all my comfort stay—

Eyes that make me when they turn away:

Eyes that flicker, without fire:

That look, and burn without desire:

That seem to darken while they beam:

And dart a shadow with each gleam:

Eyes that smoulder while they sleep:

And glow, like planets, while they peep:

From an unfathomable deep:

Eyes that would for pleasure's sake:

That languish when they triumph take:

And slumber most when most awake:

Eyes that blur and blind my sight:

That see my pain; that know my plight:

That thrill me!—kill me with delight!

—The dark moon in a silver night!

(Charles Warren Shattuck in December Overland.)

HOLIDAY GIVING.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS FROM A COMMON-SENSE VIEW.

The Tyranny Which Custom Exercises Over the Poor Young Man—A Chance for Individual Handiwork—The Duty of Our Girls.

The universal practice of giving holiday presents to everybody, which has grown into a tyrannical fashion, causes a heavy drain upon the resources of nearly all people of small means. Each year witnesses an increase in the costliness of the regulation holiday presents that everybody who aspires to secure and retain a moderate circle of acquaintances and associates is expected to make.

The abuse manifests itself in a hundred channels. The young man just starting in life upon a moderate salary or other business income feels himself compelled to sacrifice from one to two months' income, and sometimes more, early to make a costly holiday presents to his acquaintances. In most cases the gifts go to those who do not need them, while the donor sorely needs the money they cost. His richer associates, who are rich in prospects, however, and he feels that in order to maintain any social standing he must do so. His female acquaintances encourage this lavish expenditure instead of discouraging it, as they should. Dealers in holiday presents assiduously cultivate the sentiment, as they may very naturally be expected to do, and the result is that the evil of misdirected benevolence in this direction is steadily growing. It permeates all circles, from the highest to the lowest. Even the custom of sending cheap Christmas and Easter cards to friends has developed until one of these cards is as bulky as a miniature, and costs as much as half a week's board.

It is time that the demands of fashion were set at defiance, and common sense allowed to rule in the matter of holiday presents. A gift to a friend on Christmas—the day that is suggestive of peace on earth and good will to men—of something that is the product of one's hand or brain is a simple reminder that the friend is a member and appreciated as such. It is entirely appropriate. But the gift should be something characteristic of the person giving it, something in which the individuality of the giver is expressed, and not a costly duplicate of what a hundred or a thousand others have purchased and given from no higher motive than because the hundred or thousand have done the same thing. On this basis the poorest could make holiday presents with the richest without taking the bread out of their own or their children's mouths, or the clothing from their backs in the process.

The application of this common-sense principle need not interfere with the giving of useful holiday presents within the family. The husband who intends to give his wife a gold watch or a seal-ring some time may very appropriately select Thanksgiving Day or Christmas in which to make the gift. The books and toys which are appropriate to childhood may be given at Christmas as well as at other times. Neither should those who can afford to give liberally at Christmas or on other holiday occasions restrain their charitable impulses. What is wanted is not less giving, but better and more appropriate giving. The poor are always with us, and whatever can be spared to make their lives brighter and their burdens lighter should be given with a liberal hand.

The abuse of holiday presentmaking, as it exists at present, consists in the fashionable dictum which requires everybody to give costly presents to those who do not need them, with the expectation that something in kind will be returned. There is neither benevolence nor virtue in this kind of giving, and the less there is of it the better. It imposes a grievous burden upon thousands who cannot afford the expense, and does not cultivate the gift of charity in any proper sense.

The Western Belle.

You'll find her in no drawing room.

This beauty of the mountains.

She does not care for hot-house flowers,

Or artificial taint.

In that strange whist-society—

No joy could she discover.

Her heart is free, her spirits light,

And Nature is her lover.

On her swift horse, at break of day,

She gallops through, with the caution,

With ride, whip and spur, she needs

No masculine companion.

Yet I would give my life to save

Her from some pressing danger.

That I might win one grateful smile

From this sweet mountain angel.

—T. J. Sullivan.

Sociable Times.

The cable is making distant countries

neighbors. It is proposed to connect

China, Japan, Australia, the Sandwich

Islands and Tahiti by a cable. So

every corner of the globe will be able

to call on every other corner every

time in the twenty-four and ask how the

folks are.

Hebrew Anarchists.

(Jewish Progress.)

The saddest phase of anarchy is to

see Jewish names linked with this

curse of all governments. One might

expect to read of an Anarchist of our

faith in Russia; but what excuse is

there for him practicing the black art

in America? None, for, unless he

writes himself a villain and a coward.

"A Credit to Los Angeles."

(Citrograph.)

The Los Angeles Times has completed

its sixteenth year of existence and

entered upon its thirteenth volume.

Which gives us an opportunity to say

that the Times is a credit to Los Angeles,

both typographically and editorially.

Another Sullivan.

(Buffalo Express.)

It is to be hoped that Americans

were not alarmed for the safety of their

distinctly distinguished columns abroad

by the telegraphic headline over recent

London dispatches: "Mr. Sullivan

Taken to Jail." It was not John L.

only the Lord Mayor of Dublin.

A Sacred Duty.

(Louisville Courier-Journal.)

Daniel Lamont should see to it that

the British Fish Commissioners do not

go home without accurate records of

the President's successful angling in

the Adirondacks.

REVOLUTION IN FUEL!

THE LITTLE GIANT FUEL BURNER!

Which Enables You to Burn

COAL OIL

Or ordinary kerosene, in any cook stove, grate or any heating stove.

With Absolute Safety!

—AT A COST OF—

75 Per Cent. Less Than Coal or Wood

We have one carload of these burners in this city for sale in Southern California.

PRICE, \$2.00 EACH.

Agents Wanted

IN EVERY TOWN.

Large money to be made quickly. Secure territory at once. Call on us at

127 South Spring Street,

Weinshank & Knox's Stove Store.

Real Estate.

LOTS \$25 EACH IN TOWN OF CARLTON!

FOR A FEW DAYS LONGER.

Prices Will Positively be Raised On or Before December 19, As sales are meeting with the grand success they deserve.

64 Handsome Houses Given to Purchasers.

A house given away with every block. Distribution to take place as soon as each block is sold and payments made.

Join the next excursion visiting this beautiful site.

Situated in the beautiful and picturesque Santa Ana Valley, near Orange, Anaheim and Fullerton, with grand view of the ocean and surrounding country. In the midst of hundreds of farms of the most fertile soil on the Pacific Coast, which demand and will readily support a large town. Land on this ranch, which is now under cultivation, is readily selling at \$200 to \$400 per acre. Athletics, Topeka and Santa Fe depot on this ranch and trains running daily.

TERMS—\$10 cash and \$5 each month until paid.

For further particulars, maps, etc., apply to

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18,000,000 ACRES LOWER CALIFORNIA LANDS.

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BEAUTIFUL TRACTS, SUITABLE FOR RANCHES OR FARMS,

from \$5 per acre upwards. Fertile lands. Plenty of water. Perfect titles.

LOTS IN THE RAPIDLY GROWING TOWNS OF

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Apply to Branch Office of HANBURY & GARVEY, Land Agents, 7 S. Main St.,

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Unclassified.

E. E. CRANDALL & CO.,

133 AND 135 WEST FIRST STREET.

Mantels, Grates and House Furnishing Goods.

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"FAMOUS SUPERIOR RANGES,"

The only perfect working and absolutely satisfactory range on the market. Below are sales

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Dr. Cyrus Edison's report to New York City officials:

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The New York World says: "Revolutionized heating."

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The Metal Worker says: "Superior oil stove."

American Artisan says: "Replaces wood or coal."

Cincinnati Enquirer says: "An invention of great merit. No invention since the telegraph has excited more enthusiastic endorsement from scientists, press and public than the LITTLE GIANT FUEL BURNER."

The LITTLE GIANT FUEL BURNER seems to be a perfect gold mine in itself, and destined to hold a very high place in the estimation of the clergy, the farmer, the scientist, economist, together with thousands of other laborers, who claim it to be a money time and labor saver to the housewife."—Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette, Sept. 16, 1887.

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300,000 FLORIDA ORANGE TREES FOR SALE!

Sour or Sweet Seedlings.

At special and exceedingly low quotations, in lots of 5000 or more, ranging from half inch to two inches in diameter, all from one nursery, well cultivated, well spaced apart, not stunted, have never had any kind of scale disease, will be shipped from Florida in refrigerator cars; arrival guaranteed in absolutely healthy, thrifty condition and entirely free from all insect pests.

W. T. MAURICE, 16 S. Spring St., Los Angeles.

Also at 1600 N. 1st St. & 1st St., Los Angeles, Cal.

BRYANT, ARNOLD & JONES,

Milwaukee Furniture Co.,

HAVE OPENED THEIR ELEGANT SALE ROOMS,

AT CORNER FOURTH AND MAIN STS.,

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WOMAN AND HOME.

THE DESIRABILITY OF OWNING ONE'S HOME.

The Memories Clustering About It—Its Inspiration to Effort—The Idea of Permanency Is Connected With It—Better Than Hotel Life.

I am not in favor of hotel life for the family. Not that there are some pleasant considerations connected with it, such as freedom from care, independence of servants, and some social advantages that may be of value, and yet which do not necessarily over-balance or equal the social advantages which may be enjoyed in one's own home.

But the real, genuine home feeling can never be attained there, such as comes with the sense of the ownership of one's home. The sacred memories which cluster about the real home—the place where the young bride goes with the husband of her choice to begin the new life together, where the little ones are born, where the hours of their happy childhood are passed, and they grow into noble and beautiful manhood and womanhood, no such memories cluster about the life of the hotel, which, at least, can be made only a stopping place, with constantly shifting associations. To those who have left home and gone out into the world, what memory is so sacred as the memory of the old home? I can see my own mother in a pretty New England town upon the banks of the Ashuelot River. The house stands in the shade of great spreading maples. In the "front yard" are the hedges and the flower beds, the long bed of red, white and yellow hollyhocks; the cinnamon roses by the doormat, and the flaming peonies beyond; the bed of sweetwilliams and fragrant pink pansies a glory of color by the straight walk. Over the fence, in the "side yard," is my own bed of flowers, and those of my brothers and sisters, where we used to dig in the fresh earth when the dew was upon the grass, and the sunrise beams came slanting down upon us through the maple boughs. Beyond were the garden and the orchard, with the silver line of a brook between, and here was the miniature dam and the tiny water-wheel built by my brother's hands. The sound of their happy play comes down to me now through all the intervening years; though one of the brothers has gone to rest with a noble life-work ended. The memories of that home have many a time been a shield between me and temptation. There are times when all the bells of memory are ringing, and the cares and sorrows of the present are forgotten in the echoes of the days that were. Young men who have a happy home life, with which was associated the sense of ownership in all of its belongings, are more likely to have a home of their own when they begin life for themselves. The home which we own represents permanency. It is an anchor which keeps us from drifting. It is a place which we take pride in, and therefore delight in beautifying. We are ambitious for its adornment, and, therefore, are not so prodigal in our expenditures outside of our home interests. The home which we own teaches us thrift, and the sense of ownership makes the man self-respecting. It also makes him public-spirited. He takes pride in the town where he owns a home. He looks forward to the time when his children shall fill his place in it, and he is ready to help forward every enterprise that will make the place more desirable for the future of his children. Everything about the home which we own inspires to effort. And to have all the pleasant memories of childhood clustering about one familiar spot. The memories of such a home are a legacy which is lasting.

NOTES.

Brown bread and butter, with a squeeze of a lemon, go nicely with any sort of fish.

Sauce for Fish.—The yolks of three eggs, one teaspoonful of vinegar, quarter of a pound of butter, a little salt. Stir over a slow fire until it thickens.

When a nail which holds up a picture becomes loose, fill up the hole with plaster of paris, insert the nail. Leave alone for a day, when the plaster being hardened, the nail will be held securely in its place.

Lemon Jelly.—A quart of boiling water, two cups of sugar, and one lemon, and one box of gelatin soaked in a scant pint of water. Stir all together until the gelatin is dissolved, strain and set in cold place.

Dover Cakes.—One-half pint of sour cream, one-half pint of butter, beaten thoroughly together; one pound of brown sugar, six eggs, one pound of flour, one nutmeg, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of soda.

Oyster Fritters.—Take two cups of sweet milk, three eggs, two cups of creamery-buttered flour; beat eggs well, stir in the flour, adding the milk slowly while stirring; then add fifty chopped oysters, and fry immediately in hot lard.

Corn Muffins.—Two cups creamery-buttered flour, one cup corn meal, one egg and a little more than one cup of milk, a tablespoonful of sugar. Mix thoroughly with a spoon, drop the batter into gem pans with a spoon and bake in a quick oven.

Fried Parsnips.—Scrape and leave in cold water for an hour, then cook half an hour in hot, salted water; wipe, slice lengthwise, dip in melted butter, then in flour seasoned with salt and pepper, and fry in boiling oil. Drain free of fat and dish.

It frequently happens that the painters splash plate or other glass windows when such is the case, melt some soda in very hot water and wash them with it, using a soft flannel. It will entirely remove the paint.

Coffee Jelly.—Soak half a cup of gelatin in a cup of cold water; add three cups of strong hot coffee and a cup of sugar. Stir until all is dissolved, and strain into molds. For sauce, whip the white of an egg with a pint of cream and sweeten to taste.

Banana Jelly.—Soak half a box of gelatin in half a pint of cold water; add half a pint of boiling water, half a cup of sugar and a cup of wine. Stir thoroughly and strain into a mold with cold water. When partly cold stir in two bananas sliced thin.

Chocolate Blanc Mince.—Stir four tablespoonfuls of corn starch in half a pint of milk, add a cup of sugar and a quart of boiling milk in which a tablespoonful of grated chocolate has been dissolved. Put on the stove and stir constantly until it thickens. Pour into custard cups.

Apicola Pudding.—Wash four large tablespoonfuls of tapioca and let it soak for an hour in a little warm water; strain through a sieve and mix with the beaten yolks of four and the whites of two eggs, quart of milk, half a teaspoonful of grated nutmeg;

sweeten with sugar, and bake in a dish an hour.

Peppermint Lemon Pudding.—Three ounces of potatoes, the grated rind and juice of two lemons, three ounces of white sugar, two ounces of butter, grate off the lemon peel with lumps of sugar, beat them and add to the other ingredients; boil the potatoes and peel them, mixing all together with the lemon juice and two beaten eggs; bake in a dish.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

Latest Paris, London and New York Modes for Women. (New York Post.)

Upon an imported gown was recently noted a striped fabric of costly kind, arranged horizontally, diagonally, and in vertical lines, these draperies intermingled with golden-brown velvet, and all on one costume.

Round hats are far more popular with traveling costumes than bonnets, and are usually of felt the shade of the costume, trimmed with plain, shot or plaid velvet, with two quills thrust through the high loops on the hat.

Odd jackets, French, Russian, Roman and Grecian in style and present an attractive array of novel freaks and fancies, both in shape and adorning, are becoming more and more general each day. Vest effects are multiplied, and three and often four narrow waistbands are noted upon a single bodice. A pretty addition is made to the French Directoire bodice, under the guise of a high frill of lace, carried over the chest, where it gradually widens and is finished off by corset drapings of crepe, tulle, silk muslin or surah. When worn by young ladies the folds are met by a softly-folded Swiss belt passed around the waist and completed at the back by a wide sash.

Velvet girdles are also worn with this style of corsage by women of slender build.

Some of the winter hats are very elegant and picturesque in effect. One model, the "Robinet," is a large shape, made of golden-brown silk velvet, the brim sweeping to the front in high ascending curve. The crown is banded with a brilliant bronze galloon, and wide ostrich plumes, four in number, are arranged on the outside of the hat, the trimmings set gracefully at the back, and inclining toward the front, as if swept forward by a heavy gale.

Much attention is given just now to costumes and toilets designed for high tea, reception and dinner wear. In these is noticeable an infinite variety of styles, and an exhibition of elegant and costly costumes never before surpassed.

The Louis XIV., Marguerite, Josephine, Marie Stuart, and Medici gowns all find favor in artistic circles of society, as well as the quaint early English styles so becoming to women of stately carriage and figure. Although a certain compliance with prevailing ideas is apparent in every fashionable toilet, there is practically no limit to the historical and antique effects brought out in the creation of the superb gowns designed for the gay season just upon us.

Exceptionally stylish are the very long Spanish gowns worn upon the shoulders, made of dark blue, green, golden brown, gray, or dark Venetian red broadcloth. These gowns fall in straight undraped lines and cover the dress completely, even to its narrow foot-pleating. Many of these garments are severely plain, and are being finished simply with a band of black beak-skin at the neck and upon the edge of the half-open sleeves cut a la sabot.

Other gowns are garnished with appliques in silk cord in which tufts of fur are introduced, fur girdles and epaulets or cape-collars in seal-skin or beaver. Persian lamb-skin, blue fox and lynx are also used to decorate. Much unnecessary weight is given to these otherwise desirable garments by the superfluous addition of very wide bands of fur around the bottom of the bodice where no additional warmth is required. It is not an uncommon sight to see a gown or garment weighted upon the skirt portion with yards of heavy fur, while around the throat, chest and wrists, where it is really needed, there is not even a tiny edge of the fur-braid-work being substituted.

Checked and plaided Scotch tweeds, rough-surface meltons, tufted serges, homespun fabrics, coarse, all-wool camel-hair goods, and like materials are the textures for those who aspire to the "very English" in dress. French women, however, still elect for the softly-draping, clinging India cashmeres, silk-warp Henrietta cloths, vigorous linens, and other exquisitely fine woolsens, which they consider far more elegant and refined. Similar ideas prevail, however, in the matter of the cut, fit and finish of every fabric. In every case the fancy skirt, corsage and wide sleeves are resorted to to break the monotony of prim, ungraceful lines and inartistic drapings around the figure. Bodices in a score of fanciful shapes are constantly appearing, and added to the wide sash drapings, and odd tournure effects, are many charming little accessories which do so much to brighten and enliven the dress, including novel shoulder-pieces, Stuart collars of velvet, superbly embroidered, Charles X. collars of real lace, plush and crepe lisse waistcoats, velvet breccelles and girdles, with cuffs to match, and collarettes in almost innumerable variety.

Housekeeping in Germany. In many respects it is much easier to "keep house" in Germany than in America, says Good Housekeeping. German servants are strong and willing, and move along in the same routine, never flying off at a tangent, as the best Irish girl is prone to do at most inconvenient seasons. The houses are almost all apartment houses, with rooms all on one floor. No washing is done in the house, not even the dish towels. Well regulated German families have the washing done once in three months only, but the American residents, not having such a supply of linen, send out the washing each week. The "wasch frau" comes in from the country with her small cart, drawn by a dog, and with a huge basket on her own back. The prices are small, the family washing for our family of eight costing but about a week.

None of the bread is made in the house. There is a bakery on every corner, and the bread is brought to the door every morning. The rolls are like the French rolls, and are delicious. The "zwieback" or twice-baked bread, is a small slice browned on each side in the oven, which makes it very crisp. The black bread comes in long loaves, certainly half a yard long. It is very nutritious, and my children are very fond of it. It is the universal custom to give each servant one pound of coffee and one pound of sugar a month, and half a pound of butter a week; also a certain amount of black bread daily. This they use for their own consumption. The cook does the marketing and is perfectly trustworthy. Everything is bought in small quantities, and there is almost

nothing left over from one day to another. Nothing is wasted, and it is quite a study to see the various tempting ways in which remnants are "worked over." Pieces of chicken, ham and beef are all chopped together, and all sorts of meat cakes and croquettes are made. A very nice pie is made by alternate layers of this choicest meat and sliced potatoes, the top being covered with bread crumbs and the whole baked for half an hour.

The kitchen is the prettiest room in the house. The white porcelain stove, with its bright sauce-pans, the dishes ranged around the room in dressers, the plants in the windows, and above all, the cleanliness that prevails, combine to make the room a most pleasing picture. A servant never objects to do anything that is asked. Blacking the boots is a part of the work of the second girl. I have several times seen a servant out on the sidewalk helping to bring in the coal. It is an errand to be done the girl always goes out bareheaded, even going to market with nothing whatever for head-gear.

The bedrooms have their peculiarities. The beds are a very low and short, and usually of felt the shade of the costume, trimmed with plain, shot or plaid velvet, with two quills thrust through the high loops on the hat.

Besides a large feather pillow underneath, which causes you to sit up in bed. Nothing will persuade a German girl to lie flat. Nightly you notice a little red pillow. The top sheet is tied out to a sort of pillow which is the sole coverlet. It would be comfortable if it were larger and not so fat, but it never will stay where it belongs. If you pull it up over your shoulders your feet stick out; if you cover your feet your shoulders are cold, and if you turn in bed it slides off altogether.

Dresses Made of Seal-skin. "Isn't it beautiful?" "How rich and elegant!" "It's superb! I should like to have it." What a dash one could get out of it! These were some of the exclamations a Mail and Express writer heard some ladies make one day this week. It was at the fall and winter opening of one of the most fashionable firms in town. The immense show-room was crowded with several scores of the gilded and dimpled darlings of New York. Nearly all were leaders of fashion, and at least four could draw their checks for \$1,000,000 each. Money was no object to them. They came to see what was new in furs. They stood in front of and around a beautifully-formed young woman. She was a perfect picture. She was tall, straight as an arrow, and looked every inch a queen. She was dressed from head to foot in seal-skin. The skirt or dress was entirely of seal-skin. A half dozen buttons, covered with the same fur, were the only ornament in the front. The bodice was trimmed with a wide band of Russian sable. The back was perfectly plain, with the exception of a little drapery near the waist. The basque was light-fitting and was fastened with small seal-skin buttons. It came up closely to the neck, where a magnificent bar, containing half a dozen diamonds, held it together. A quaint little bonnet of seal-skin completed the outfit. The hair was of pure gold, and was done up in a high, straight front, in much the same style that Mrs. Cleveland affects. Handsome solitaires depended from the ears. The woman's face was beautiful. She was indeed a picture, and no one could blame the ladies for gazing at her—some of them with envious eyes.

"Turn this way, Miss Smith," said the gentlemanly proprietor, and the beautiful being in seal-skin turned gracefully. A bright gleam of sunlight from an open window fell upon her as she did so. It lighted up her face and hair and made the diamonds sparkle like stars in a dark sky.

"On will see, ladies," said the gentleman in explanation, "that the garment is made tight and to fit the form closely. Feel of it. It is not so heavy as some of you imagine. It's very warm, to be sure, and could not be worn except on very cold days."

"How lovely," said a chorus of voices. "Yes, it is," continued the furrier. "A seal-skin basque and skirt are a novelty that we will sell for \$1,000. This winter. They are only intended for the very wealthy, and, of course, money is no object to women of the class who would like to have such a costume. This particular costume is for a celebrated actress. It was made to her order. It will cost \$2,000, including hat and gloves, for the lady insisted that only the best fur should be used. Her name? Oh, no; I can't tell it. I prefer to keep it secret."

"Can't such a costume be made for less than \$2,000?" asked a dashing young woman of splendid physique. "O, yes," was the reply; "a very fine costume can be made for from \$500 to \$1,500. We have orders for half a dozen to cost \$1,200 now in. They will be plain, and the skirt will not be of such good material, and the expensive trimming on the bottom will not be used. That trimming alone cost \$75 a yard. It's the best that can be bought."

The woman in the beautiful costume had not moved while all the conversation was going on. She stood like a statue.

"You need not remain longer," finally said the furrier, and "Miss Smith" walked off with the air of a queen. She was the model of the establishment. She was employed to try on jackets, dresses, trills, fichu-jackets and wraps, and that would be purchasers may get an idea how garments will look on them. She is paid for her beauty and superb figure \$25 a week. Many a top-model has been induced to purchase a garment after seeing the effect upon the dashing beauty.

Where Beautiful Women Congregate. [Pittsburgh Dispatch New York Letter.] The largest assemblages of feminine beauty in America are at what are called "professional" or "authentic" matinees in this city. On these occasions the house is practically free to actresses at a time of disengagement. One of them occurred this week. At least 600 women were there, and the majority were young actresses ranging from Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Potter to the burlesques and comic opera choruses. Langtry sat between a girl from the route but lovely looking, of a countenance and a pupil from a school of acting, either of whom was handsomer than she. When it is considered that physical beauty is the most important element in the selection of actresses, and that New York is the market for histrionic aspirants, it can be believed that an audience so largely composed of actresses was marvelously handsome. A good photograph of that sort of thing would be a picture of beautiful faces and their attires picture to never tire of looking at.

The Will of the People. [Inter Ocean.] The Boston Post says that "the will of the people must always be admitted to pre-empt." If it should happen that it is "the will of the people" of Dakota the Democratic party would kick it out of court, and kick it out of court. Dakota don't vote the Democratic ticket.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

1.—A PUZZLE POET. The story goes (the truth who knows) That once upon a time A poet found a word to find With words that would rhyme.

Through reference books with anxious look, At least that's what they say— He eagerly sought, but all for naught, Until 'twas high noonday.

A dish of stew first met his view, When he to dine would fain, And by that dish—oh, fabled wish!—That which he'd sought in vain. OASE.

2.—HALF SQUARE. The tasks of busy day are done, The toiler's rest is here; Behold me now, mysterious power, I seem the ruler of the hour.

3.—A NAME OF CLASSIC SOUND— "Mong Yankee girls 'tis rarely found, Yet now and then a maid we find To whom this name has been assigned.

4.—AN ANIMAL IN FOREIGN LANDS— Its namesake in our stable stands; But mark the difference that is shown— That one has horns, but ours has none.

5.—SOME PEOPLE SAY THIS LITTLE WORD. When girls are chatty, oft is heard: They basely label who say so, For 'tis a girl and ought to know.

6.—SOMETHING THAT SOUNDS LIKE THIS WAS SUNG (When yet our country was quite young) In Boston Harbor, to denote We'd pay no tax till we could vote. YOUNG AMERICA.

7.—CHARADE. (Partly phonetic) A first in gay and merry mood Was tripping lightly through the wood He knew not at that gateway stood His lady love.

8.—THE POOLS LAST EVENING'S RAIN HAD MADE Had not yet dried in this deep shade, He sends them, his pace not staid Still on to move.

9.—AT LENGTH THERE FALLS UPON HIS SIGHT A total, roomy, large and white, And at the gate, with face alight, His lady love. J. O. H. N.

10.—COMPOSED OF 11 LETTERS. My 1, 10 and 5 is a part of the head. My 3, 7, 5 and 8 is a dismal sound. My 9, 6 and 5 is a place for stowing away hay.

11.—MY 11, 2, 7 and 4 is a part of the day. The whole is the name of a Quaker famed in American literature. MAY BELLE WILSON.

12.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC. 1.—A useful article of commerce, produced by certain domestic animals. 2.—A useful article of commerce, produced by certain domestic animals. 3.—A useful article of commerce, produced by certain domestic animals. 4.—A useful article of commerce, produced by certain domestic animals. 5.—A useful article of commerce, produced by certain domestic animals. 6.—A useful article of commerce, produced by certain domestic animals. 7.—A useful article of commerce, produced by certain domestic animals. 8.—A useful article of commerce, produced by certain domestic animals. 9.—A useful article of commerce, produced by certain domestic animals. 10.—A useful article of commerce, produced by certain domestic animals. 11.—A useful article of commerce, produced by certain domestic animals. 12.—A useful article of commerce, produced by certain domestic animals.

Answers to Puzzles of Last Week. 1.—Promised land. 2.—David and Goliath. 3.—What maintains one vice while bringing up two children. 4.—CHIME HAREM IRETE E T E R E MERY

A Persian Mosque. (St. James Gazette.) A good Persian mosque appears like a vast edifice of blue and white porcelain. Sometimes it is of light line, sometimes a deep indigo. The taste on these decorations is undeniable. Inscriptions and texts, the letters of which are three, four and even six feet long, and may be read for miles, are everywhere. But a few years ago mosques and shrines were frequently despoiled of their choicest treasures—magnificent tiles covered with inscriptions in high relief, in blue, white and gold—the letters of which were frequently decorated with that peculiar glaze (now a lost art in Persia) which made the inscription give forth a metallic luster, and caused them, when the sun's rays fell upon them, to resemble masses of burnished gold. If the exteriors of these mosques are magnificent, still more beautiful are the interiors; the walls, the arches, the columns, the floors and the vast dome are covered with exquisitely executed tile work.

A Persian mosque is a place for prayer and meditation, a place where the coolness and shade, a place where the beauty of religion may address the multitude, a place from which noise and conversation are banished, and also a place where at night the homeless poor may always find shelter, and at times even food. At one end of the mosque, usually in the center of the wall, is a niche; this is the mihrab, and indicates the direction of the Holy Mecca, whither the pious Mussulman must invariably turn when offering his prayers. On the mihrab is lavished all the art of the ceramic artist. It is from the village mihrab, in little deserted mosques, from the shrines and tombs of saints, that the celebrated Persian reflect tiles have been wrested, sold for a song, and exported with other curios, real or fictitious, to reappear in European frames on the walls of some wealthy European virtuoso.

Perfumed Chest Protectors for Dudes. [Society Journal.] It is going to be simply delightful for a girl to plant her chin on the diamond stud of the society man in the maze of the dance this winter. Alphonse's chest has developed since he disappeared in the water at Newport last summer. One of the girls in the crowd told him. He turned it off by saying that he had been rowing with the boys a good deal lately, and nothing threw out a man's chest like that—except the landlady of a sailor's boarding house. He did not disclose that the boys who wear dress suits this winter have all bought beautiful little chest protectors of pale blue silk, stuffed with cotton and steeped in sachet powder. They give a noble frontage to the rather flat young man of the period. At all events it is a custom honored in the observance now, and it will make the ball pleasant if all the young men wear sachet powder-stuffed pads with dress suits this winter.

Benevolent Belva. Belva Lockwood is a benefactress in her way. She has annexed to her law office a new feature. She has opened up a bureau for finding wives for men who are too busy to spend their time in courting. There is danger she may overwork the husband-finding business. The man who cannot find time to court should go through life wifeless.

Not an Unlucky Day. In the light of great men Friday does not seem to be an unlucky day on which to begin the journey of life. The following men were born on Friday: Gladstone, Bismarck, Martin Luther, Sir Isaac Newton, George Washington, and John Winfield Scott. Their stars were fortunate.

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96,000 ACRES 96,000

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This magnificent and well-known body of land is now offered in lots to suit all buyers, from 20 to 20,000 acres.

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SOLE AGENTS, 16 S. Spring Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Contains 445 Lots in the Finest Orange Orchard in Southern California.

ON THURSDAY, DEC. 8, 1887.

THESE LOTS WILL BE ON THE MARKET.

On Harvard Place is located a College costing \$60,000 to \$75,000, work to begin at once. For prices and particulars call on

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BEAUTIFUL

LOTS 50x152 To 1-FOOT ALLEY.

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NEW ADDITION TO THE CITY OF LOS ANGELES. EXTREME LOW PRICE OF

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WHICH IS LESS THAN ONE-HALF THE PRICE ASKED FOR adjacent lots. This is no diabolical lottery scheme, where houses are given away at your expense. No brass band required to enthrall purchasers; but to be sold strictly on its merits, at prices and terms to insure a rapid closing out of this tract. In order that homes may be had for the many thousands within a few minutes' ride of our business center, for speculation in "near city" lots, in HUMPHREYS' FIRST ADDITION TO BOYLE HEIGHTS, a beautiful elevated plateau ONE MILE east of our city limit, overlooking the valley to the ocean, south; the city, west; the lofty mountains, north. STREET CAR line now running near, and will soon be extended to the large brick college on adjoining tract. DUMY RD. building to tract 1/2 mile west, and survey for the above tract. Road just completed across tract. Four miles of shade trees now growing along 80-foot streets. A BOUNTIFUL FUR WATER now ready on this tract to attach pipes for domestic use. A 1/2-acre reserve one-quarter mile north, over 1/2 acre, exclusively by the owner of this tract, for irrigation. TERMS—\$50 cash; balance in monthly payments of \$16.

Humphreys & Riggis,

20 SOUTH SPRING ST., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Division No. 2!

THE RAYMOND IMPROVEMENT COMPANY,

Having sold the greater part of Division No. 1, now offers to buyers

DIVISION NO. 2, IN FRONT OF RAYMOND HOTEL,

—INCLUDING—

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This tract is gently sloping and unbroken; soil very rich. A GOOD SUPPLY OF FURNACE WATER will be piped from a large reservoir to the tract, and avenues set with shade trees. GLENDORA.—This young and thriving town, only six months old, has now two hotels and fine residences, a fine schoolhouse two churches, a hardware business firm, some fifty residences, a contemplated branch university, is grand in mountain and valley scenery, located twenty-five miles from Los Angeles on the California Central Railroad.

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On Oswego avenue, near Adams and Figueroa streets. See the owners, at MCCARTHY'S CALIFORNIA LAND OFFICE.

10 acres Porter ranch, San Fernando, at \$500. Van Halten, California's Ransall Fisher, smokes

OLD JUDGE

CIGARETTES

In preference to others, Dr. R. W. Allen, ALBERT MATTHEW & CO., 41 N. Main St., Sole Agents.

A LOVELY HOME—FOR SALE. 6 acres in very healthy location, with two-story house, large rooms; beautiful garden, stable, windmill, etc.; cost \$20,000. Also dairy business, with net income of \$250 per month, very cheap. B. Verbe, Room 81, Temple block

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE STORY OF THE BUSHWHACKER'S DAUGHTER.

The Death of the Bushwhacker Chief—Lillian's Marriage—The Morning Breaketh—Rest After the Night's Peril—Capture of the Old Hag.

CHAPTER XVII.

The wine revived Lillian, and a little of her native bloom stole back into her fair cheeks. Her slight wound was dressed, and she felt hardly conscious of the exhaustion which usually follows such extreme tension as had been laid upon her nerve and brain.

Her story was soon told to her eager listeners, and Mrs. Maynard reproached herself for allowing her to go out without suitable escort. "But I did not dream of danger," she said, "right within our lines, and so near home."

"We'll look after those wretches," said Col. Byrd. "I'll send down a squad of men immediately to clean out that miserable den before the morning. Those bushwhacking dogs lurk everywhere, howling for blood like famished lions for their prey. I'll take you good night now and back to camp."

June's calm and fragrance filled the world the next morning as Lillian awoke. Lillian had slept soundly, and awoke refreshed. "I am ready for another day," she said, as she opened her open window, rejoicing in the beauty of the opening day. "Poor girl! Was she ready?"

She went downstairs at length, and was going into her father's room but Mrs. Maynard met her just outside the door. "Your father is sleeping just now, so come with me, Miss Lillian. We are to have an early breakfast, and it's nearly ready. Did you sleep any?"

Yes, for some time. I do not feel the loss of rest, and I must give papa the day. How is he this morning?"

"He was restless during the night, and has but just fallen asleep," replied Mrs. Maynard, evasively. "Poor papa, he worries about me so—I'm all he has, you know, and his heart has turned back to me as of old."

Breakfast over, Lillian turned at once toward her father's room. In passing through the hall she met Loo with face all aglow, and eyes sparkling with the very keenness of her delight.

"O Miss Lillian, I just ran out on the road to play with Tim, and when I was dare do some cum'ring an' dey 'at dat ar ole 'oman dat watch us so berry debbilish like las' night. Dey cotched 'er, dey did, an' her ole eyes dey snap at me berry wicked. I think dey gibe her sumfin ter do sides takin' car ab nigger wool, hit hit! But dey two men dey runned away fore dey sojers giv dar, an' dey didn't fin' 'em. 'Specs dey hidin' in de bushes sumwhar."

The child, who had been playing with Lillian, opened the door of her father's room and went in. He was tossing with a restless restlessness upon his couch, which the cool breath of the north wind could not soothe, and his eyes were bright with that inward heat which was burning out his life. But a look of glad tenderness filled them as his daughter came to his bedside.

"Good morning, daughter. It rests your father's heart to see you again unharmed after the terrible tempest of last night."

"Good morning, papa, but you have been worrying about me, your hand is hot, and your head. You should not fret about me so."

"It is not that, daughter Lillian, my dear child. I want to talk with you a little today the old days. Be strong, my darling, don't let your heart faint. But haven't you thought sometimes that your father would not be with you long—that the end would come soon?"

"Oh papa, papa!" moaned Lillian, "don't talk to me so. You are better—only a little feverish from anxiety. There is a bright future before us—one as glad as our happy past. I can see it, and I have felt it. I have been here as if I could touch it, and lay my hand on it and say 'it is ours.' Let me bathe your head and sit by you while you go to sleep. You will feel better then, and such thoughts won't trouble you any more," and she wiped the tears from her eyes, and, taking a basin of feed water, she commenced to bathe his head, while he closed his eyes and pressed his lips firmly together. He lay thus for a few moments, and then his eyes opened, a clear, soft light in them, touched by a look of inexpressible sadness.

"My head feels clearer and cooler, daughter, thank you. Now put the water down and sit by me. Your true heart has clung to me in all my madness, and the only earthly place I find now is your love. But, my Lily, I must not keep the truth from you longer. Your father is almost done with this life. Only a few days longer at the farthest, and the heart that has been so troubled, so perplexed and so wrong will be at rest."

The bright beam was bowed upon his bosom, and strange convulsive sobs shook his daughter's slender frame. He laid his hand caressingly on her head, smoothed tenderly the shining hair, and then let his touch rest among the clustering curls.

"Papa, you have been my life; you mustn't leave me alone. God will pity me and spare you."

"I am thankful, my dear daughter, that I do not leave you alone. I had a long talk with Col. Byrd last evening. He is a noble man as well as a brave soldier. I can leave my child with your feeling that she will be tenderly cared for. I want to give you to him before I go. And it is his wish, and I should shall it be tomorrow morning?"

"Just as will please you, papa," she replied.

And so it was settled.

And now, said her father, "one word about Old Chloe, faithful old soul. Give her enough to make her comfortable and send Loo back to her again. This war is going to bring freedom to the slave, daughter."

"And aren't you glad, papa?"

"Yes, Lillian, Providence is going to work in this matter now. But, O, my hands, my hands!"

There was a wild gleam in her father's eye, and Lillian said that his mind was beginning to wander in the delirium of fever.

came in, and Lillian gave them a tearful welcome. "I've been talking too much with papa," she said.

"He is very weak," responded the doctor, "and he must be kept quiet. When this fever leaves him we shall find him greatly prostrated."

All through the day Lillian sat by him, but not once again through those long sad hours was there a single gleam of recognition in her father's eye. Sometimes there were minutes of wild, incoherent raving, there were words of gentle trust, calm utterances of a holy faith which lifted the poor-tossed spirit above its pain.

In the evening the surgeon, Col. Byrd and a nurse from the hospital came over to watch through the night with him.

"You must have rest, Lillian," said Col. Byrd. "I'll care for him tonight as if he were my own father. Everything shall be done for him that human skill can do, and the rest we must leave with Him in whose hands are the issues of life. Try and sleep, won't you?"

"Yes, but can't you give me just one word of hope?"

"I do not dare bid you hope, my Lillian," said the Colonel. "There may possibly be a chance of life, but if there is it is very, very faint."

"Good night, I shall feel better to be alone a little while. If there is any change, call me. She gave Lillian her hand, he took it in both his own, saying, "Heaven comfort you, dearest Lillian, and if your father is taken, remember that there is still one undivided human heart left to you yet."

The night wore away and the starlight melted into the brighter radiance of the early morning. The blue depths of air were cloudless, and through the open window came soft, delicious coolness that belongs to the hour, the still beautiful time when Night slips away and gives place to the dewy calm and freshness of the new-born day.

Lillian had slept that heavy sleep that sometimes follows great sorrow, and she awoke as the dawn was melting the blue East, and hastily putting on her white bridal robes she stole down to her father's room. In a few moments the whole household had gathered near his bedside, and the white-haired old pastor came forward and spoke the words of the brief marriage ceremony: "And now I pronounce you husband and wife. What God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

As the echo of these words died away Lillian and Col. Byrd drew nearer to her father's bedside.

"God bless you, my son, as you deal tenderly with my daughter," said the dying bushwhacker as the Colonel clasped his hand, and then as his eyes rested upon Lillian his face lighted up with a smile of strange brightness.

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The Mirror Premium Sewing-Machine.

\$25.50—FOR A—\$75.00

High-Arm Sewing-Machine.

—AND THE—

WEEKLY MIRROR.

(The machines described below are now kept on hand at the Times-Mirror office, and persons can be supplied on short notice, without having to wait until they are shipped from Chicago. The freight is included in the charge below named, from Chicago to Los Angeles. Persons ordering machines from this office will pay the extra freight to their destination.)

For \$25.50 this machine and WEEKLY MIRROR, postage paid, for one year.

This machine is the first of its kind ever offered the public at factory prices, and cannot be bought from agents for less than the regular selling price, \$75. It is the high-arm pattern, has self-setting needle; cannot be run backward; has automatic cut-off for driving belt, which prevents it from being run backward, thus avoiding all dangers of breaking thread or needles. It is a noiseless, light-running machine, accompanied by an illustrated book of instructions that makes everything so plain and simple that any lady or child can master it. We call it the MIRROR HIGH-ARM SEWING MACHINE, and we warrant it to give full and entire satisfaction in every case, or it may be returned to us within ten days after the subscriber has received it, and it will be refunded, at our expense, and the money will be refunded.

Knowing the character of the machine and the high grade of material and workmanship entering into its construction, we have no hesitation in agreeing to return the money at once to any subscriber who is not fully satisfied on examination that our high-arm machine is fully equal to our representations, we paying freight on return of the machine.

Careless—Sewing machine agents will tell you, "Beware of Cheap machines." We tell you the high-arm machine on trial, and if not satisfactory return it. No agent can sell you any equal for less than \$75. Each part of the machine is fitted with such exactness that no trouble can arise if any part is broken, for a new piece can be supplied with an assurance of perfect fit.

OUTFIT—Each machine is supplied with the following outfit: One Hemmer and Feller (one), Two Irons, Six Bobbins, One Sewing Gauge, One Quilting Gauge, One Sewing Foot, One Sewing Needle, One Cloth Gauge and Thumb-screw and a Book of Directions. The following extra attachments are also furnished free: Ruffler, Tucker, Binder, Set of Wide Hemmer and Shirring Plate.

Give shipping directions plainly, as well as the postoffice address the paper is to be sent to.

Having arranged with the manufacturers to supply us with these machines in large quantities for spot cash at very near first cost, we can save our subscribers at least \$5 on the price of each machine. As this is the first time a sewing machine of this character has been offered the public at about manufacturer's cost, we feel confident our readers will promptly take advantage of this opportunity to provide themselves with first-class high-arm machines, which obtained in any other way would cost them almost three times the amount.

We could fill several columns expatiating on the merits of this high-arm machine, but we save the reader's patience we will simply say that it contains all the modern improvements, is strong, simple, durable, light-running and noiseless.

THE LOS ANGELES DAILY TIMES—Any person desiring the Daily and this Sewing Machine can have the same by mail for \$25.50, they paying the freight from this office to their destination.

HOW TO ORDER.

When you remit us the \$25.50 for the Machine and WEEKLY MIRROR one year, write plainly, the point the machine is to be shipped to, as well as the postoffice the paper is to be sent to. The machine should be ordered to the nearest railroad point where the railroad company agent is stationed, and the name of railroad station, the county and State should be stated. When \$25.50 is sent for the WEEKLY MIRROR one year and the machine, the freight charge from Los Angeles is to be paid by the subscriber at the point the Machine is delivered to.

Address THE TIMES-MIRROR, CO., Los Angeles, Cal.

Call at Times-Mirror Office and Examine the Machine.

TESTIMONIALS:

"GIVING PERFECT SATISFACTION." PASADENA, Cal., Oct. 30, 1896. "Times-Mirror Company: The Times-Mirror Sewing-Machine is giving perfect satisfaction in my opinion it is as good as any \$75 machine. I have not done any heavy work on it yet, but I think it will do all right. J. W. ROSS, Pasadena, Cal."

"HIGHLY PLEASANT WITH IT." LOS ANGELES, Cal., Oct. 30, 1896. "Times-Mirror Company: In reply to yours of 20th would state that I am highly pleased with the Premium Sewing-Machine received with the MIRROR. I have not done any heavy work on it yet, but I think it will do all right. J. W. ROSS, Pasadena, Cal."

"THE MORE WE USE IT, THE BETTER WE LIKE IT." PASADENA, Cal., Oct. 30, 1896. "Times-Mirror Company: I have used your sewing-machine since last July. The more we use it the better we like it. On fine and heavy work it is splendid. I have tried the attachment. In fact, it goes ahead of your advertisement so far. MRS. S. A. WARE, Pasadena, Cal."

"LIKES IT BETTER THAN THE \$125 SINGER." LOS ANGELES, Cal., Aug. 1, 1896. "Times-Mirror Company: My wife tried the High-Arm Machine and use it for light family sewing. It gives good satisfaction. Yours truly, JOSEPH WILSON."

"GIVES GOOD SATISFACTION." EAST LOS ANGELES, Cal., July 1, 1896. "Times-Mirror Company: My wife tried the High-Arm Machine and use it for light family sewing. It gives good satisfaction. Yours truly, S. W. TRUE."

"RUNS SMOOTH—AND SEWS EVERYTHING BUT BUTTONS." LOS ANGELES, Cal., Oct. 30, 1896. "Times-Mirror Company: The report from the chief engineer of the sewing-machine department of my domestic establishment is to the effect that the sewing-machine lately furnished by you for \$25 arrived in good order and in fine time, and has given entire satisfaction. I run lightly and with very little noise and performs to perfection all kinds of sewing work with the exception of buttons. Very truly yours, WM. F. WADE."

"THINK 'EM ALL, AND LIKE THE MIRROR MACHINE BEST." LOS ANGELES, Cal., Oct. 30, 1896. "Times-Mirror Company: My wife tried several \$75 machines, and chose the Mirror Premium Sewing-Machine as an equal to the best in the market, for one-fourth of the money. It is a perfect machine, and admired by all who see it. My wife has been using it several months, and we both cheerfully recommend it to the public, as represented. WM. L. PRICE, 215 Temple Street."

"SAME IN WORKMANSHIP AND MATERIAL AS THE HIGH-PRICED ARTICLE." LOS ANGELES, Cal., Oct. 31, 1896. "Times-Mirror Company: Having sold hundreds of the Remington Sewing-Machines for \$75, which you are now offering with the MIRROR for \$25, I wish to say that the machine you offer is identical to the same as the high-priced article both as to material, workmanship and capacity. Being a resident here and experienced sewing-machine man, I will take pleasure in instructing any one in working the machine, in this place or vicinity. C. E. SPENCER."

"IS DELIGHTED WITH IT." POMONA, Cal., Oct. 28, 1896. "Times-Mirror Company: The High-Arm Mirror Sewing-Machine came in good time, in excellent condition, without scratches or blemish, and I am delighted with it. We believe the machine is all that you recommend it to be, and think it a rare opportunity for those who may want a machine to get a first-class one cheap. Yours truly, MRS. J. W. STRIMFIELD."

"PERFECT IN EVERY RESPECT." NORWALK, Cal., Oct. 28, 1896. "Times-Mirror Company: The High-Arm Premium Machine arrived in prime condition, and is perfect in every respect. Freight \$2.50 with first cost added, making \$25.50 for as good a machine as are usually sold through agents for \$75. Well pleased. Yours respectfully, MRS. E. C. CRANSTON."

"VERY MUCH PLEASED WITH IT." DOWNEY, Cal., Oct. 28, 1896. "Times-Mirror Company: I am very much pleased with my machine. It is a perfect machine, and I am delighted with it. We believe the machine is all that you recommend it to be, and think it a rare opportunity for those who may want a machine to get a first-class one cheap. Yours truly, MRS. J. W. STRIMFIELD."

"EQUAL TO ANY \$75 MACHINE." LOS ANGELES, Cal., Oct. 19, 1896. "Times-Mirror Company: For the benefit of those who stand in need of a good sewing-machine, I will say that after using the Premium Machine for about four months, I find it equal to any \$75 machine I have seen. Yours truly, MRS. A. W. WORM, Corner Oak and Ocean, Los Angeles."

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A strip of land—300x1900 feet in size—fronting on Alameda street, between Fourth and Sixth streets, containing 13 acres, was donated by the owners to the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, who are now building upon said land its general passenger depot, similar in design but more elaborate and expensive than the Arcade depot at Sacramento. The ground-plans and elevation of this depot, one of the finest in the world, are now on view at our office. The building will be 507 4-12 feet long and 141 feet wide; the main approach and entrance facing Fifth street and Wolfskill avenue, the trains entering the depot from Alameda side. The building will be constructed of brick, stone, iron, glass, and fittings in natural wood, and will be one of the finest structures of the kind in America, being completed with every convenience for the traveling public.

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